

Ecclesiastes 12: part of the 5 verse.

*Because man goeth to his long home.*

**T**He great matter necessary to be thought of in this life is, what shall become of us after death, and whither we shall goe when we goe hence. For here we have but a short time to stay, we are on our journey, and every moment brings us nigher to the end thereof; but wherever we goe to, after death, it is for ever and ever. Solomon tells us in his distribution of time, that there is a season to every purpose under heaven, and amongst the rest he reckons a time to be borne, and a time to dye, but he tells us of no time to live, because our life is uncertaine, death follows in some soon after the birth, and their cradle seems to stand on your graves, and those that live longest are but of few dayes in respect of eternity. So that our life is to be reckoned rather a moment, then time, and yet on this moment doth depend our everlasting happines in the next life. This<sup>is</sup> all is allowed us to make provision for our long home.

In the words we may consider.

1. The subject man.
2. His transitory estate and condition, expressed by way of travaile, goeth.
3. The end of his journey to his home.
4. The duration of that home, it is a long home.

To the first man. Man in general, that is every man, every woman, when our glorious God had by his infinite wisdom made the world in a wonderful manner, and furnished it with all varietie ~~and~~ of creatures for profit and pleasure; at last after a most exquisite manner he consulted with himself for the shape of Man, and finding no creature fit enough for a pattern, concluded with himself to make mankind as a lively resemblance (after some sort) of his own majesty, that he might both in soul and body, represent his creator. Adams soule did most lively shadow out the divine essence, not onely in the simplicity, invisibleness, and immortality therof, but also in that power which it enjoyed, to know and to will.

1. For mans body it did likewise resemble God in several respects, but more especially in that immortality, wherein it was at first created. The whole Man then mixt of body and soule was in the creation in a glorious state of immortality, bordering

ring upon everlastingness, but it was not absolutely, but conditionally. So it is true he had a power not to dye, if he had not sinned; but there was a necessity he should dye when he had sinned, for so the unalterable charge runs, \* in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely dye. Thus was the statute enacted that all must dye, which is not to be repealed. It hath bin put in execution from the beginning of the world to this time, and so shall be to the end of the world. We all come by the wombe, and we must go by the grave; from the arreast of death, there's no releasement, from its sentence, there's no appeale. Balthazars embleame is now written upon every mans wall, thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting, and therefore thy life is divided, and given to death. It is not the Majesty of a Prince, nor holiness of a prophet, nor the gravity of a prelate that death respecteth. It is not strength of body nor comeliness of person, nor tender years, nor the wisdom of the aged, nor profound learning, nor an abiss of riches, can plead a priviledge against the grave. In other dangers there may be some way contrived by the will of man to escape them, power, treasure, flyght, counsel, and policy may serve the turn; but there's no power in man to bannish death, no riches will buy it of, nor

can we fly from it, neither prevent it by counsel nor turn it back with policy. The greatest and best of men, as well as the meanest and worst must say with Job \* to corruption, thou art my Father: to the worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister. Abel whose sacrifice was accepted, as well as Cain whose offerings were rejected; Abraham the Father of the faithful, as well as the infidel Abimelech; Jacob whome God loved, as well as Esau whome he hated, and David a man after Gods own heart, as well as Saul from whom he took his holy Spirit, have bin all alike subject to the empire of death, and to the decree of God so that then death is the common roade of all the world of Man in general without exception.

2. His transitorie state and condition, goeth.

We are heere in this life performing a journey which we must one day finish. One goes before, and another followes after; one body rots in the grave, and leaves room for another. Whether we go softly, or run swiftly, our time still spends, and every moment brings us more forward towards our journeys end, and nigher to our home, our bodies are but earthen cottagies, houses of dust, which fall before we are aware; our life runs on apace, and death rides post after, and often overtakes men, before ever they

\* Job. 17: 14.

they thought it was nigh them, and when they least thought of it.

Our life is like a candle in the body, in one the wind maketh it sweale away; in another it is blown out before it be halfe spent; and in other though it burn out to the end, yett it continues not long, at last vanisheth into smoake, and expires. Whether we sleep or wake, whether we stand, sitt, or walk, still the course of our life goes on, till it be finished; we never make a step forward on the ground, but it is a step nigher to death.

My dayes saith Job. 7: 6. are swifter then a weavers shuttle, and in the 9. chap. vers. 25. 26. now my dayes are swifter then a poste: they flee away, they see no good; they are passed away as the swift ships: as the eagle that hasteth to the prey. Where he reckons our life by dayes, and not by yeares, as if it depended on moment, and not on time; but if on time it must be that which is present, not that which is to come. But although in these places he allowes men dayes to live here, yett in another place as if he had bin to prodigal in his account, he takes up, and therefore he will have him to be a creature but of yesterday Job. 8. 9. for we are but of yesterday, and know nothing; because our dayes upon earth are a shadow. And in deed we may be

very

very properly teamed creatures of yesterday, for a dying hour hastens on us so fast, that we cannot, assure our selves of the light of another day, and the time of our journey end is so uncertaine that we know not but this very evening, our life may sett with the sunn, nay shut up with the next moment.

The brevity of our life has bin noted by the most learned amongst the heathens. The Egyptians compared it to an Inn, where a man lodgeth for a night, and on the morning is gone; Aristotle to a certaine beast which is never but one day old, Sophocles to a shadow, and Homer to leaves which are blown away as fast as they bud, and others to a dreame which at our awaking is gone, so transitory is the state of man he is still on his journey to death; he goeth.

3. To his home. This world is like the wilderness to Israel, we must goe through it before we can come to the land of promise to the place of rest. We must goe through the red sea of temptations in this life, the Divil pharaoh like following to destroy us, before we can come to our expected home.

This world is not our home but the way towards our home; it is but as our inns, or lodgings, where we are not to stay any long time, but rest a night,  
or

or so, take what is necessary for our repast, and refreshment, and then be going on in our journey. We must leave the place to other comers. Our generation passeth and another cometh. They that come hereafter shall tread upon our graves as we doe now upon the sepulchres of our fathers, they shall possess our houses, goods, and lands, as we doe theirs, who are gone before us.

Hence is't that the Apostle tells us Heb 13:14. for here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. And he testifieth of the Patriarch Abraham, that he was no more but a sojourner in a strang land, he dwelt with Isaac, and Jacob in tabernacles Hebr. 11: 9. He built no houses, but such as are used in warr; such as are easily erected ~~up~~, and soon taken down again. This he did, as also <sup>tho</sup> ~~your~~ fathers generally of the first ages of the world, that they might testifie their religion, that they did not account this world as their home, but a place from whence they must remove, they did not know how soone. Abram was in expectation of going home. and therefore we are told ver. 10. he looked for a city which had foundations, whose builder and maker is God, that is for heaven.

Besides the prophet David acknowledgeth, that he was no other then a traivailer in this life passing



to another. Pf. 39:12. I am a stranger with thee; and a sojourner as all my father were. Reason will inform us so much. For that is not to be esteemed a mans home, where he came lately, and from whence he is shortly to depart, but where he is to continue the most part of his life. Upon this consideration S<sup>t</sup>. Peter in his 1 Epist. 2. chap. ver. 11. becomes a suppliant to Christians. Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims abstaine from fleshly lusts, which war against the soule. Prudent travellers carry nothing with them which may be burdensome to them in their journey, so this Apostle adviseth that we have a care, since we are as pilgrims in this life, that we be not loaden with sins, whose weight will hold us downe, and keep us from entering in at the straite gate.

4. The duration of our home, it is a long home.

Wee are here in this life but for a moment, it cannot properly be called time; but wherever we go after death, it is for eternity. The longest day here hath its night, and the longest life ends in death; but the state in the next life is unchangeable, without end. Whether we are to be placed amongst the sheep or goates; whether we are to be crowned, or burned, it is for ever, the joy is an everlasting joy, the punishment



is an Everlasting Punishment ( 11 )

nishment, whether it be heaven or hell we go to it, is to be our long home.

The Antients used to represent this by their hieroglyphicks, of a round ring, which hath no end, of a Hydra's head which growes as fast as it is cutt off, of a running fountaine which springeth as quickly as it floweth.

Arithmetick hath her figures to cast up numbers, Astronomie its instruments to take the height of the starrs, mariners their plummetts to sound the depth of the sea, but no invention of man can fathome the depth, height, length and breadth of eternitie, which is boundless and unlimited.

It was the thoughts of this, which did so much amaze a serious man, that sitting very melancholly, not speaking to any, nor regarding those who spoke to him, at last those words burst out, for ever, for ever, and for some time spoke nothing else: he afterward told his friends about him, that it was this for ever, which had wholly taken up his thoughts, and which he should never gett out of his mind.

And certainly when a man comes seriously to consider with himself that death is an entrance to eternitie, opens a passage to a day that never shuts up, to a continuation of time which hath no end,

and with all doth ponder with himself, that after a short and uncertaine life here, he must lead an end less life either with God, or the Diuel, either in heaven or hell, either in everlasting joyes, or everlasting flames (I dare say for him) it is enough to affright his soule, and to awaken his spirit from security as the mariners did Jonah in the tempest 1 Jon. 1: 6. what meanest thou oh sleeper, arise call upon thy God, if so be, that God will think on us, that we perish not.

Consider then that man in general his state is transitorie in this life, he's a travailer on his journey homeward, his home is not in this world, when he dyes he goeth home, and wherever he goe to, it is a long home for eternitie. Let us then use consideration.

Consideration is the key which openeth the dore to the closet of our hearts, where all our bookes of account doe lye. It is the very eye of our soule, whereby shee lookes into her estate; lett us now from what haith bin said make a serious use of't, and consider what a sad and dismal thing, it will be to miscarrie for ever; what a wide doore of mercie is offered to us in this moment of our life, in this consists the opportunitie to make our selfs happie for ever or miserable without end. We are just now going on towards  
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our home, it is but one stroke of death, and we are gone in the twinkling of an eye; and God knows whither, let us therefore be wise in this our day, before our dissolution appeareth, that a speedy repentance may prevent our dwelling in darkness for ever. God said of the church of Thiatira, I gave her time to repent of her fornication, and shee repented not, lett not us give our good God occasion of such a complaint against us. It is perniciously dangerous to put off our consciences calling for repentance, and to say to them as Felix to S. Paul, \* go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee. All delay in this great concern is too hazardous, the present time is still the fittest and onely fit to Cast up the accounts of our soules.

In deed if we could arrest time, if we could strike of the nimble wheels of its chariot, and could Joshuah-like command the sun to stand still, and make opportunity waite our leisure, then there were some thing of excuse for delay; but since we can noe more command the future then we can call back the by past time, it is but extreame madness to delay our hours. It is now in our power under the influence of Gods grace, to prepare for death, to repent of our

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sinns,

\* Act. 24. v. 25.

sinne, and make our peace with God before we goe hence, and he no more seene; but it is not in our power to live till to morrow, our dayes, may close up with this day, our life sett this very evening with the sunn, may the next moment. If we loose this opportunity which presents its self, it can never be recovered, no not by most earnest wishes, nor fervent desire, nor a flood of Teares. Remember the sad condition of prophane Esau, for once despising the blessing, he loosed it for ever, and found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with teares. To go on still in a sinful course of life, with hopes that we may repent when we dye, is to venture all upon a very uncertaine after game, and just as if a mariner should be content to have his ship cast away, upon bare hope, that he may escape on a planck, and gett safe to shore. How fondly do such dispose of that time which is not in their power, but in Gods hand, whilst they vainly lett go that which God has given them.

The stork, the Crane, the swallow know their seasons, they know their appointed time, and how much more should man a creature whom God has endowed with reason, especially since it is so very uncertaine how long we shall enjoy this opportunity.

All

All creatures under the sun doe naturally intend their own preservation, and desire that happiness which is agreeable to their nature, and shall man their Lord be impiously careless of his eternal, and everlasting welfare? Death stands ready to snatch us away, conscience persuades, Hell threatens, and heaven invites to prepare, to lay up a good foundation for the next life, for a long and happy home. Lett us not then be secure, but sett to work, whilst it is called to day; for as the wise preacher \* tells us, there's no work nor device nor knowledge in the grave, whither thou goest. What a sad and fatal thing is't for men to run head long to their long home, like the rich glutton in the gospell, who never was sensible of his estate till he was in torment; he then found to his sorrow that out of the pitt there's no redemption.

He leads a life suetable to his Christian profession, who dayly is in expectation to leave it. The best guide of our life here is the often consideration of our death, and what shall become of us when wee go hence.

Wee need not wonder to see men so very industriously carefull to avoide death, it is naturally terrible; but this is it which all good men and even Angels may admire at, to see Christians so general-

ly careless, to lay up a good foundation for a future life. For there's nothing certainly which makes death so terrible, as the estate which followes after: if our long home be in heaven death is a joyful birth day, and the day of it better then the day of our first birth; but if it be in the Divels mansions, it is but the beginnig of endless miserie.

Let us therefore be perswaded to make use of our time, and learn in this our day the things which belong to our peace, before they be hid from our eyes, before our feet be manacled in the dust, and our arms rott of from our shoulders in the grave. Do that before death, which may doe you good when you are dead, but can never be done after. Live the life of the righteous, and dye the death of the righteous, dye the death of the righteous, and live for ever in a long and happy manner.

That I may press this further, behold ther's before your eyes a spectacle of mortality, the body of our deceased Brother, which wee are mett together to bring to its own house as the prophet Esay \* calls the grave, to lay it up in the dust, after all its great labour, long journeys, and tedious travaile on earth, his soule being gone before to take possession of its long and happy home. I must therefore now leave the other, and apply my self to this text. To say nothing

\* Esa. 14: 18.

were to be injurious to his worth, and to liide those vertues which shined bright in him; and may serve for our imitation. Whatever the envious may say, or think, it is no fault to commend them at their death, who have bin commendable in their life. It was the ancient custome of the church to celebrate the memorie of holy men, that thereby others might be moved to follow their examples.

As for his extraction I must be silent in it, he being a Bohemian borne; and that perticuler unknown to us; yett (let me say) a man of meane observation by his deportment might guess, it was of more than an ordinary ranck; I shall therefore onely speake my knowledg of him, haveing had an intimacie with him for a bove twenty yeares togeather.

As for his moral honestie it was very exemplar: I appeale to you all here present, whether he has not left a good report behind him, and a good name, which is better then precious ointment, not one of this parish, or elsewhere can (I am confident) complaine of any unjust dealing by him; nor can the poore this day send curses to his grave. I may justly in his behalfe take up Samuels \* challenge whose ox has he taken? whose ass? or whom has he defrauded? whom has he oppressed? or of whose hand has he received any bribe to blind his eyes



therewith, and I promise to restore it: So critical was he even to the minute parts of honesty, that if thorough inadvertency he had done any thing, which did but looke like unjustness, though no person was prejudiced by the same, it was an affliction to his mind. And as he did practice honesty himself, as if he had known nothing else, so did he allwayes love honest men, and sett a just value on such; but when he found any man to be otherwise, how would he condole his condition; and heartily sigh for him, his looke at the same time speaking the thoughts of his heart, how sorry he was that any man should be a knave, how seriously would he endeavour to reclaime such?

In his conversation and friendship he was a Nathaniel one in whom there was no guile; cordial and faithful without baseness and low dissimulation, and loved a true friend as himself.

As for his learning it would require a more able encomist then my self, but, in magnis voluisse sat est. His memorie was great, his judgment greater, and his paines in study all most infinite; so that I may truly say of him, had he but had encouragement; conveniently and opportunities answerable to his great parts, he might have bin a great light to this northern corner of the land, made himself the envie of this age, and a shadow

to obscure learned men about him. Had he not bin more then ordinarily learned, when he came a young man into England, the famous universitie of Oxford renowned thoroughout the civilised part of the whole world had not taken so much notice of him, nor had some learned men there (contracting an intimacy with him at his first coming to that place) continued a correspondencie with him, till a little before his death. From Oxford he came to the deservedly renowned, and antient corporation of Newcastle upon Tine, where he was master of the free Schoole for several yeares, and how he behaved himself in that station, I appeale to those that knew him there. Being wearied out with that toilsome employment, he removed to this town of Hexam, famous in the time of the saxons, and yett in history, for that it was then a Bishops seate and enjoyed ten Bishops successively, John of Beverly, who as some historians note was the first master of Arts of the Universitie of Oxford, being placed as the second Bishop here; now made famous againe by enjoying the Learned Ritschell as its vicar for above twenty yeares together. He is now dead, yett he lives amongst learned societies, and will I doubt not) to many generations in his imetaphysicks, prized so highly abroad that Germany but of late desired the reprinting

ting of them and they were so with some addition. By his other books, concerning the rites and ceremonies of the church of England published immediately after his majesties happy return, he shewed what stamp he was of, *that he was an enemy to all innovation in the church.* This seasonable defence of the church of England was very pleasing to that famous confessor ~~of~~ of the same Dr. John Cosins late Bishop of Durham, especially being performed by a foreigner born, and he did ever after him a venerable respect.

I hope for what I wish that God will stir up some of the reverend fathers of this church to cast a favourable eye upon his two hopeful sons both educated in Oxford, and reward them for the fathers paines.

But that which did crown all his other excellencies was his piety which was singular. In his familie he was a Joshuah, he and his house serving the Lord daily; what he was in the church. I need not inform you but call your consciences to witness, hoping that you will nevers forgett those good instructions he sowed amongst you so plentifully.

I may as well as any give this testimonie of him, he had not much of the form nor outside of religion, but was very carefull for the power therof, and the  
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essential parts which might make him truly be rather then seeme religious Such was this wise, this worthy, this learned, and religious gentleman, who on weddensday sevensight was sodainlye struck with a fatal palsie, which brought him in a weeks time to the end of his journey, that he might go home and rest from his labours. By what means I know not but it seemes some way God did conveigh it to his spirit, that his dissolution drew nigh, before ever death made any shew by any natural signification Whether he did it designedly or not is more, then I can say, but I find that the last sermon he preached might very well have passed for his own funeral sermon takeing in a prophetick way for his text 2 Tim. 1: 12. For the which cause I allso suffer these things; nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have beleaved, and I am perswaded that 'h is able to keep that which I have committed unto him unto that day, nor was this onely his last text, but these words the very last that he spoke I know whom I have beleaved &c. commending his soule now to God to whom he had before committed it, and resting on Christ with a firm certaintye of salvation. Thus did he shutt up his dayes, as he lived, so he dyed piously and religiously; and this may be some ease to his sor-

rowful relations, some guide to our life and death.

He is gone before we are following after God of his infinite mercie enable us to travaile thorough a life of cares, and miserie, so that at last we may come to a long, and ever happy home. To which God &c.

# FINIS.

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## An Elegie upon the Worthy and Reverend M<sup>r</sup>. Georg Ritschel. &c.

*Vivitur ingenio.*

**L** Et no fond tears bedew thy herse  
 Bid the favorite Muse rejoyce  
 And with triumphant verse  
 The musick imitate of thy exalted voyce  
 Bid her do something to comply  
 With the empyrean poetry.

2.

From noisy mirth tumultuous pleasures free  
 Let her ascend like thee  
 Above the bounds of this tempestuous air  
 Above the storms of grief, or clouds of care  
 There in smooth thoughts, and notions best refined  
 Enjoy the serene ~~abode~~ of the mind.

*Alas*

Alas

3.

Alas our fellow wings in vain  
 Attempt that airy leight  
 And tired with too sublime a flight.  
 To their connatural earth return again  
 Thy mind was all of purest flame  
 And well could bear that place from whence it came  
 Thy strong devotion and thy lofty witt  
 This did to heaven ascend, that brought heaven down to it

4.

Tell how thy spacious soul could fathom all  
 Which we august and sacred call  
 And all the joy contain which from them spirings  
 And yet defend so low  
 As after this to know  
 The least affections of the meanest things.

5.

Evanid matter could not scape thy eye  
 Though in a thoms and shapes conceiled it lye  
 Proteus of nature to thy sharper sight  
 Chaos it selfe was light  
 To the its in most secrets it betrayed  
 And shewd' a midst the gloomy shade  
 Th' imperfect Embryo of the world unmade.

6.

Thou sowest that hidden chain  
 With which we strive in vain

And

And in the midst of seeming liberty  
 When most we boast of being free  
 No more then prisoners at large remain  
 Thou knowest the laws of nature and of fate  
 Nay what is more of fancy too  
 And kept within thy view  
 What ever God or poets did create.

7.

Enjoy thy fruitfull contemplations now  
 For they the same continue still  
 And thy enlarged understanding fill  
 Nor one poor grain for humane frailty allow

8.

Enjoy thy fate and if our low affaires  
 Can touch thee not disturb thy breast  
 Nor interrupt thy eternal rest  
 Look upon us whom empty cares  
 And frivolous doubts unquiet keep  
 Nor yeild to better thought, or thoughtlesse sleep  
 So may our suns slide softly as thine away  
 And our ~~closed~~ dyes let in an everlasting day

closed

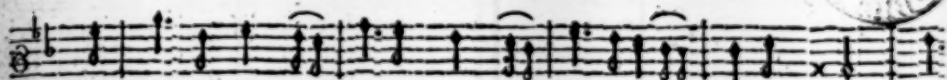
I. H.



# Alidor and Calista.

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Being an excellent New Song, much in Request at Court,  
To an Excellent New Play-House Tune.



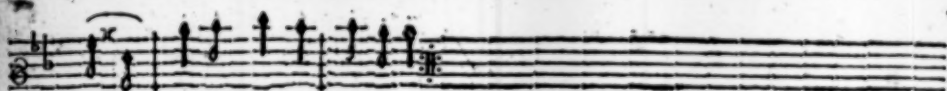
Since first my heart did feel the smart, of fair *Calista's* charming Tongue; No



joys it could to it impart, my flaming passion was so strong: But still my grief, beg-



ging relief, which mov'd her pitty not in vain; For ne'r was known, by anyone, so



charming and so sweet a Swain.

## II.

Her fancy found some Charms abound,  
in *Alidor*, which she oft said;  
Which often did his senses drown'd,  
but ah! they were too soon betray'd:  
For as her passion still did move,  
and urge her fancy to comply,  
The Fates which often crosses Love,  
divided my poor Swain and I.

## III.

She still in brief, declar'd her grief,  
but ne'r durst with her love comply,  
Which forc'd her tears to beg relief,  
from Loves incessant Cruelty:  
Yet with that Art, her yielding heart,  
dismember'd what her eyes discry'd,  
And rather choose to Embrace the Dart,  
then e're be any others Bride.

## IV.

But ah! what comfort can this give  
to my poor heart that's rent in twain,  
Nay, it were better dye then live,  
then live to see my self in pain:  
Although she says she loves so strong,  
that none can with her paralell,  
Yet why should I my self thus wrong,  
when I may in Embraces dwell?

## V.

But hold, I think it were unjust,  
to use such Acts of Tyranny,  
I'd rather be confin'd to Dust,  
than break my Faith and Constancy:  
Ne'r shall *Calista* have to say,  
*Alidor* e're shall prove unkind,  
I'll be a Martyr e'ry day,  
sooner then ever change my mind.

## VI.

My pains are sore, and now therefore,  
my love once more shall be reveal'd,  
To the whose Beauty I adore,  
who knows at length my love may yield:  
It did appear his love did hear  
those words which he in sorrows said,  
Then willingly she did comply,  
for *Cupid* now her heart betray'd.

## VII.

Love here's my hand at thy command,  
*Calista* I thy love will be,  
Now let us not disputing stand,  
I will forsake the world for thee:  
They both unite in true delight,  
and love in e'ry vein doth flow,  
She felt the smart of *Cupid's* Dart,  
at length whether she wou'd or no.